

Glimmer

Guardian1

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Summary

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Description:

Through a black mage's eyes, trying to save Vivi on the cargo ship. First FF9 fic, inherently confusing.

1. Glimmer

Glimmer

“Hello.”

Don't hear... forgot to listen. Mind, eyes, hands,
focused fully on
the order. Too much talking, anyhow. Everyone goes
talk talk talk
talk talk to me, except when they ORDER ORDER
ORDER ORDER in loud
sharp voice.

“My name is Vivi.”

More talk, opening hearing. No order — just the
talk talk talk,
quiet, little, dusty-small. Need not listen any more.

“Um... What's yours?”

Can see him, out of eye in corner. Hands falter on
order — he's so
small, little tiny quiet like his talk, eyes glimmer like
happy
lights, like me like others, tiny child... but no, not

care, don't
ignore order, ignoring order WRONG BAD PAIN
NO.

“... Hello? U-um... don't you want to talk?”

Talk a never-order. Never talk. Even if ordered,
no talk comes from
me. Me just to do order, never to talk — good to be
quiet when
ordered pain. Good to die quiet.

If could, would. If could, say your 'Hello'.

“...”

So small, so cryingly small. Orders inside pain —
makes me order
new things, new want. Want to cradle him; child's
need cradling,
and he so small. Never seen small. Born big, all of
us.

Sad staring, ordered from his eyes. Even harder
to do order, hands
trying hard to keep on work.

He goes, hat bobbing, bobbing.

It orders ache, tight inside.

He tries. Tries tries tries tries tries; tries others-us.
Talk talk
talk to them, talk talk talk.

They ordered same; from each he goes, big sad
eyes, lamps in dark.

But me knows they ache. They all obey ache. To
live is obey, whatever
ordered.

Small, small, dusty-small. Was me ever small?
Think not. But he
small, pretty bright quiet. Talk, talk, talk, dusty-quiet
voice.
Thinking his voice makes almost-smile.

Thoughts go away — ship lurches. Ship not
ordered lurching. Wrong
wrong wrong wrong; fixing ordered. All us go up.

People in the order-area. Tall person there; orders
us away, so
obey, all us. Stand quietly around, in case new
orders needed. Small
child quiet by him, standing near others.

Ship lurches, he leave. One stays, making order
on the ship. We watch,
dusty-quiet.

Then *he* comes.

Tall, orders. Like us, not like us. Burning eyes
like torchfire,
not as warm. Quick to order pain, more quick to
make us obey it.
Orders inside me sick, almost-tremble with worry,
fear on fire.
Child so small, so easy for *him* to order pain.

Child need never-order for pain. Thought of him
paining orders me
angry inside.

Angry a never-order. We not ordered angry. But
angry I obey.

Eyes meet. Talk is a never-order, but glimmer of
our eyes is talk
obey enough.

We know. We obey.

He orders outside. Talks ice, talks cruel; eyes
burn on child.
Child cowers, child cringes.

We fear. We obey.

Magic runs bright through fingertips, burning fire
that orders pain.

We all know magic, but it is a never-order.

Never-orders! No place here, no place with our
fear for dusty-sweet
child. Order him from fire. Order him from pain. No
wrong, no bad, no
nothing, not ever any more. Disobey is right.

He raises his hands, angry jerks, burning eyes at
child. Loud
orders.

Kill.

ORDER. Make no more.

Kill.

ORDER. Make dim.

...

We cannot let him obey. Within us, something
burns hot; never-order
of refusal.

We come, child. We come.

Angry orders from *him*, but we disobey. Crowd
around the child,

cradle, protect. No weapon but magic at fingertips;
anything to
order *him* pain, anything to protect.

We lift our hands, fire glimmering bright; ready
to order, to hurt —

Hit, falling! Magic runs hot through *him*, hotter,
hotter than ours.
Breaking up inside, thrown back, burnt and pained
and air wind
grabbing body. Obey broken, obey split.

Inside me, things broken, things loose, deep deep
down aching where
the burning hot lived. No matter, no more; burns me
all over, fully
obeying only me.

Child screams, piercing air, piercing *his* laughter.
Obeying
pain, obeying break; quiet now, sounds melting,
hearing lost gone.

Good to die quiet. Dimming, dimming... child
looks down, eyes so
sad they make deep ache. If could, would comfort. If
could, would
smile for him.

Goodbye, child. Make sadness a never-order.
Goodbye, ship. Fall is
like float. Goodbye, *him*. Goodbye, goodbye, child.
Dying for
you is worth many lives with order.

See his eyes glimmer — then we free.

~fin~

A/N: Yes, I know that sucked, but it's my first
FF9 fic and I haven't even
fully finished the game yet. It's FF8 all over again
— I wrote my first
three fics blind, not having even *played* the game, let
alone finished
the sodding thing. Final Fantasy is always too damn
inspiring. I just
had to write this — when I saw this scene, I just
wept my eyes out. I know
I've done it no justice, but I tried. Maybe I got the
entire thing
totally wrong. Maybe it's revealed later that the
black mages were
trying to eat Vivi, or were attracted to his sexy
shoes. I don't
care.

Anyway, please forgive me for inconsistencies,
and review to tell me
off for writing such a confusing, convoluted piece.
Thanks for reading!

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